PARARAIO
BOOK V

THE MAGNA CHAYA

Salve !
Quid facere Quid facere Quid facere
cum luna requiescit
et caelum caeruleum fit

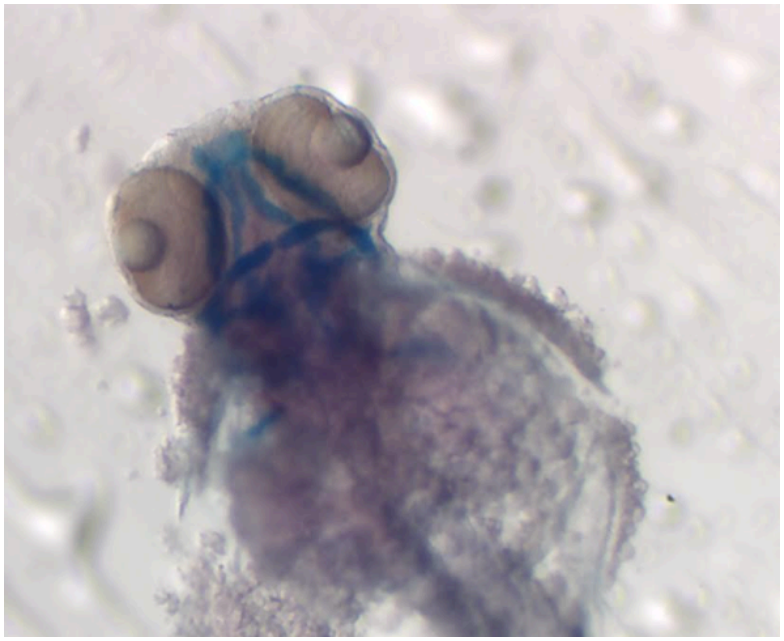
Bomdia !
Que fazer Que fazer Que fazer
quando lua retiras
e céu azul tornas

Goodmorning !
Do what Do what Do what
when moon retrieves
and heaven blue becomes

Boſton
New England
UſA

THE FISH
A PICTURE STORY (2020)

Alchemy in the Ancient World: From Science to Magic—Paul T. Keyser
"Nature delights in nature, nature conquers nature, nature controls nature,"



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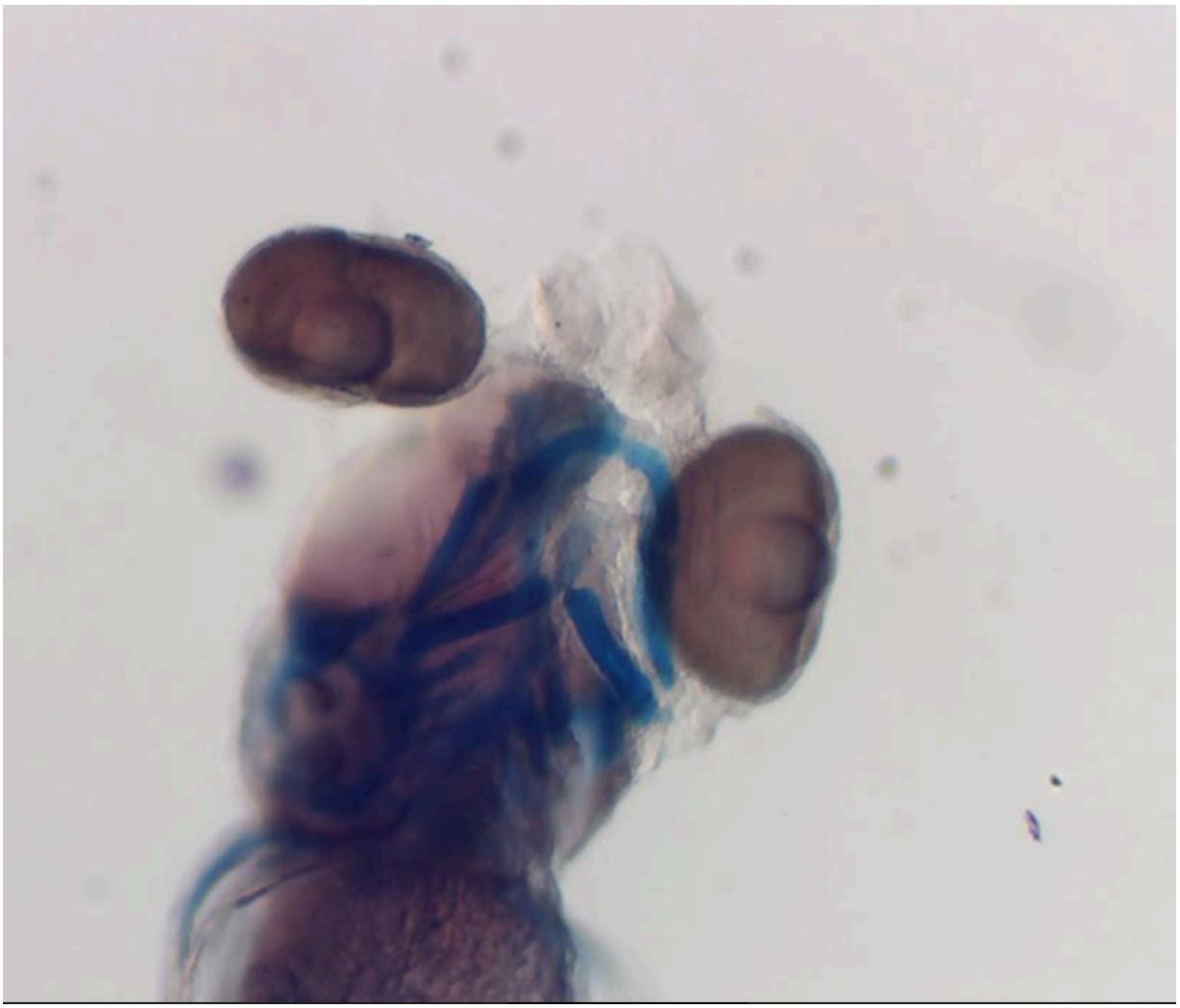

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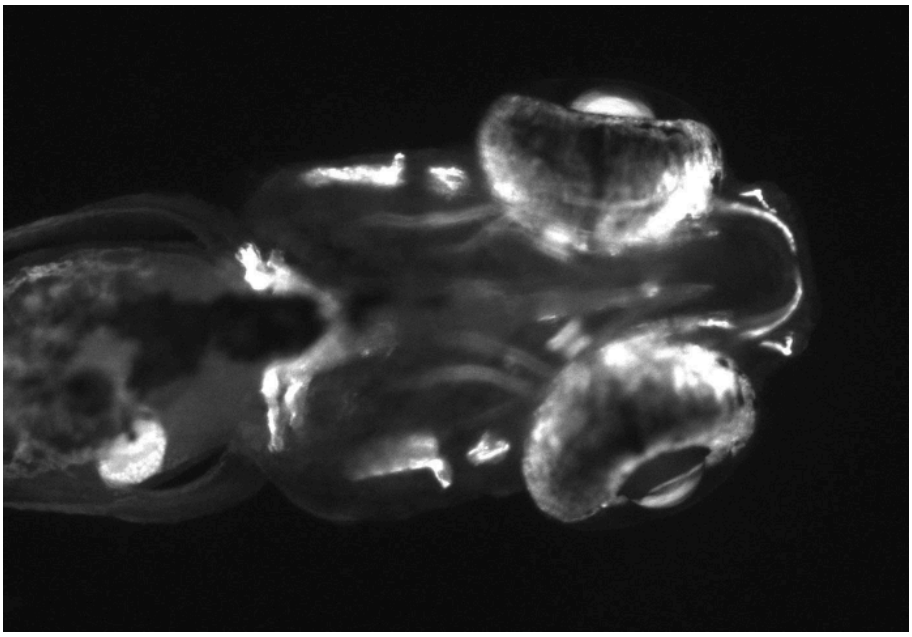

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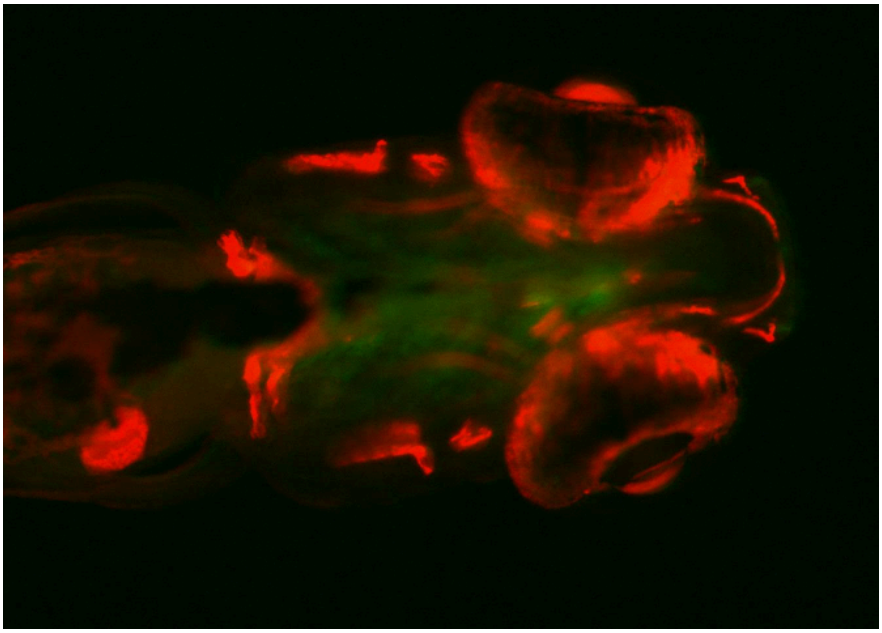

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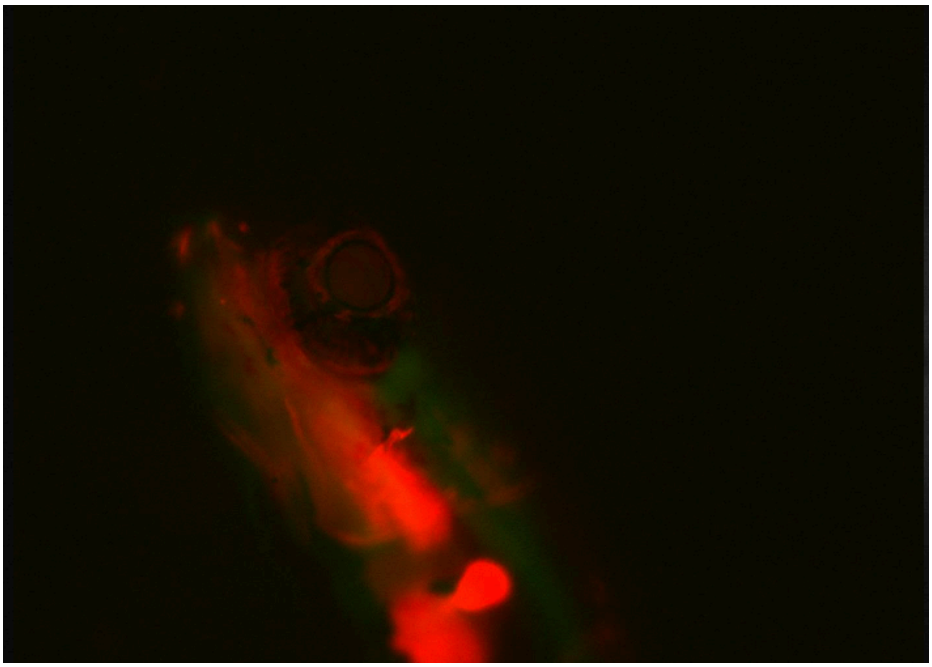

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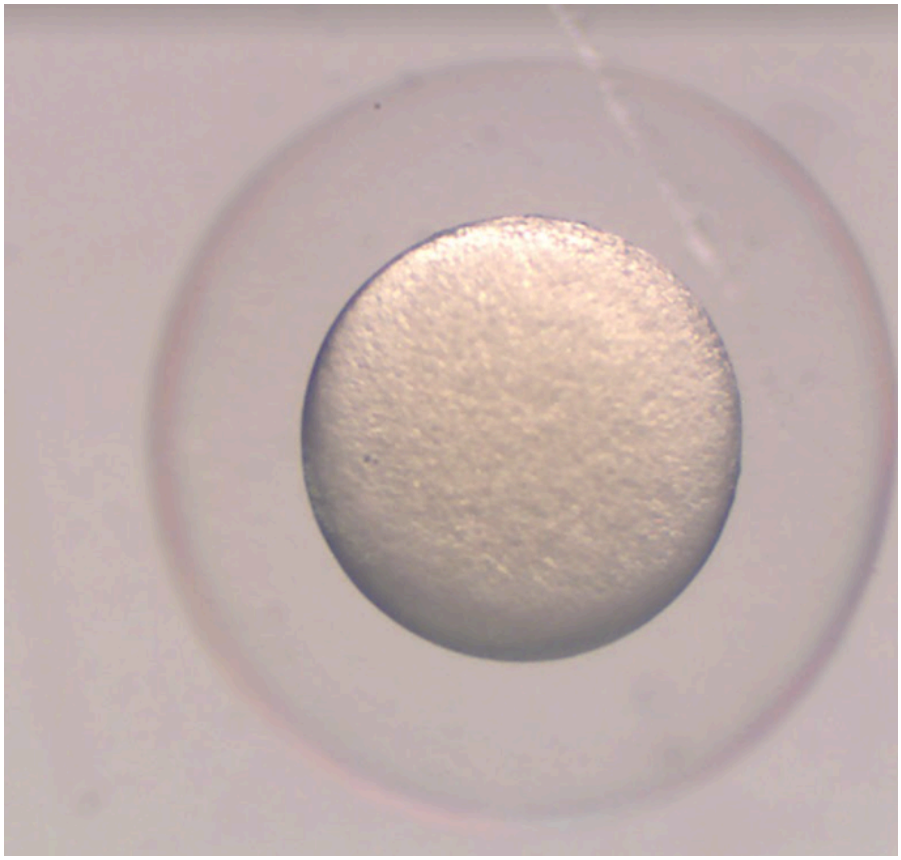
Eucharist



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Ciborium

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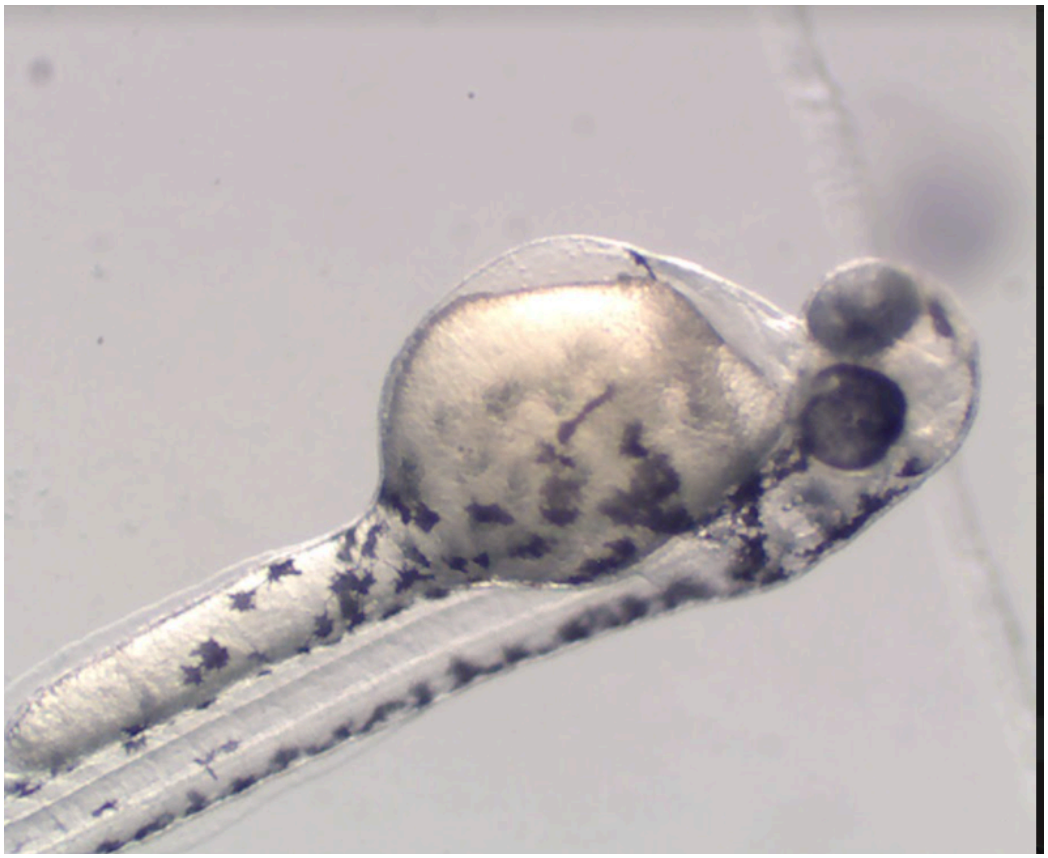
Chalice



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Tabernacle

peccatum nativitas—morten misericors—splendida renascentia

FIS*H* !

YouTube

Adam Savage's Tested · 11:13

Dream's Helmet Prop from The Sandman!

Watch ›

Uploaded: Feb 20, 2023 · 3.57K Likes

Adam examines a casting of Dream's Helm a… More

The Epic Tomb

"Within infinity, or in between Ascending and Descending from 1 and 10, is the arbitrary space where 0 = 10 = 1, in multidirectional planes, where 10 could be visually seen as 0 or 1. Equals, which infers TO BE or BECOME, could therefore ALREADY BE in multidirectional planes, therefore on the basis of Extreme Polarity, 0 = 1." (Book 1)

My Lord—reduce me until I am oxidized to naught by your begot; *consume me, manduca me, excre me !*

The God-Man: The Word Made Flesh; IT: The Eternity of Perfection—Dr. George W. Carey and Inez Eudora Perry

Then spake the scientist, "Lord, wilt thou tell me of the kind of molecules that compose Thy blood and body?"

The Lord replied, "These same molecules, gases or principles, compose my blood and body; for I and the universe are one and the same."

Once again the scientist said, "My Lord, may I ask, then, what is spirit and what is matter?"

And thus answered the Lord:

"As ice and water are one, and the gases and water are one, so is the spirit and matter one. The different phases and manifestations cognized by man in the molecules of My body—that is, the universe—are caused by the Word; thus, they are My thoughts clothed with form."

Now the scientist felt bold, being redeemed from fear, and asked "is my blood, then, identical with Thy blood in composition and Divine Essence?"

And the Lord said, "Yea, thou art one with the Father."

The scientist now understood and said:

"Now mine eyes are opened and I perceive that, when I eat, I partake of Thy body; when I drink, I drink of Thy blood; and when I breathe, I breathe Thy spirit."

THE WINE COLORED STONES

Alchemy in the Ancient World: From Science to Magic—Paul T. Keyser
Hipparchus the great astronomer who discovered the precession of the equinoxes in about 130 B.C. was praised because he proved that the stars are kindred with man and our souls are part of the heavens. (78) **Instead of being made of this quintessence, the mind or soul could also be thought of as the mixing of the elements or atoms, and the perfection of the soul as the proper mixing or balancing by means of the stellar substance, the quintessence. In any case, the philosophic notion of perfecting the soul was that the soul's true divine nature must be brought out.**

Alchemy in the Ancient World: From Science to Magic—Paul T. Keyser
I have mentioned Zosimus' interest in fermentation—this may be explained by reference to alchemical theories in which the **black mass was converted to silver then gold by "divine water"** whose action is explicitly compared to that of yeast. (72) To this water I would compare Plato's water from which gold forms. Instead of mercury or sulfur, orpiment was sometimes used to act as the yellowing agent. (73) The final stage, after the yellowing to gold, was **iosis—which word could mean corruption/rust or purpling.** Usually commentators prescind from giving a precise chemical explanation, but the purple gold (containing orpiment) of Tutankhamon perhaps provides a parallel. It is possible the alchemists were in fact trying to produce purple gold?

ADRENOCHROME IS PHYSIOLOGICALLY EQUIVALENT TO A RED GIANT UNDERGOING SUPERNOVA!
The burning of adrenaline is the backbone of this phenomenon (*hint*: ketones; ketogenesis). H burning **->** He, C, N, O
He burning **->** C, O
C burning **->** Ne, Na, Mg, Al, S
Ne burning -> O, Mg, Si, S
O burning -> Si, S, P, Ar
Si burning -> Fe, Ni, Co
Supernova release: Sr, Ag, Ba, Au, Pt, Pb, U, Th

The God-Man: The Word Made Flesh; THE MARVELOUS STORY OF THE JOURNEY OF JOSEPH AND MARY TO JERUSALEM <u>TO PAY THEIR TAXES</u> PHYSIOLOGICALLY EXPLAINED
—Dr. George W. Carey and Inez Eudora Perry
On EITHER side of the Thalamus, in the head, is a gland, known in physiology as the Pineal, on the posterior, and the Pituitary on the anterior side of the Thalamus. The Pineal is cone shaped, and recreate a yellow or golden fluid. The Pituitary Body, opposite it, is ellipsoid in shape, and contains a whitish secretion, like milk. The fluids that are food in both these bodies come from the same source, namely, the Claustrum, which means "barrier" or "cloister," and is referred to as cloister for the very good reason that a precious and holy thing is secreted or secluded there. **Saint Claus, or Santa Claus, is another term for this precious fluid, which is indeed a holy gift in the body of each one of us.** The precious fluid which flows down from the Claustrum separates, part going into the Pineal gland and part to the Pituitary body, and these, being special laboratories of the head, differentiate the fluid from the Claustrum, and it takes on the colors

above mentioned, and in the Pineal Gland becomes yellow and has electric properties. The Pituitary Body, having the milk-like fluid, has magnetic properties. **These two glands are the male and female, the Joseph and Mary of the physical body, and are the parents of the spiritual son born in the solar plexus of each human being, commencing about the age of twelve.**

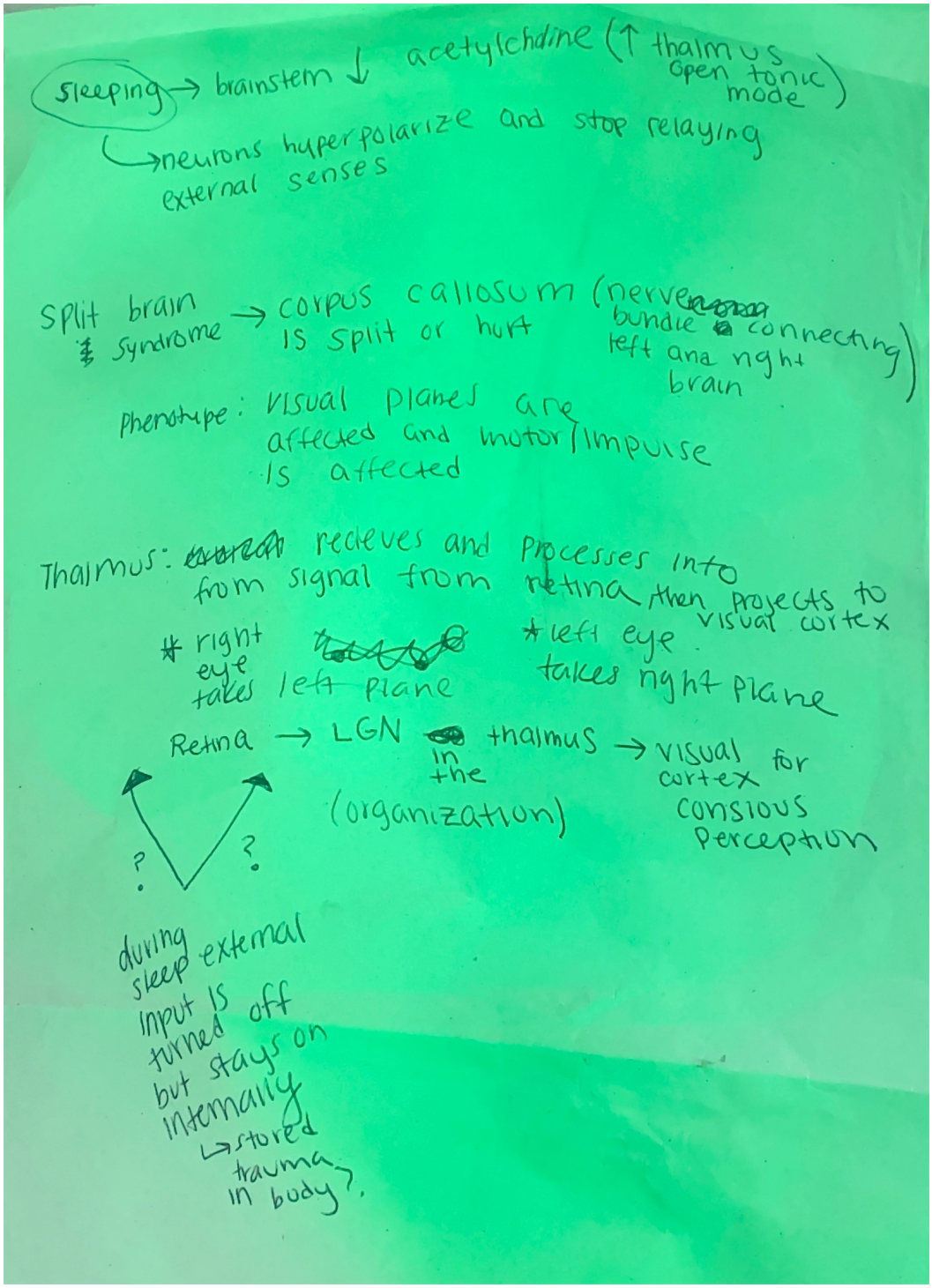
Nonetheless, The compulsion to eat too much or too little as a child or adult spews from power and emotional struggles within the family unit. **It seems to be connected to trauma (intense events) that occur between ages 9-12 (The Belly of the Great Beast awakens)(—Enter external jaw manipulation (orthodontics); sheer Chaos!). Comprehension of which is positive and the rejection of which is negative for spiritual development.** Attempting to mitigate the Belly of The Great Beast often manifests different forms of physical tantrums, and these actually work in society, especially for children. *(Dein, lidein dei!)*

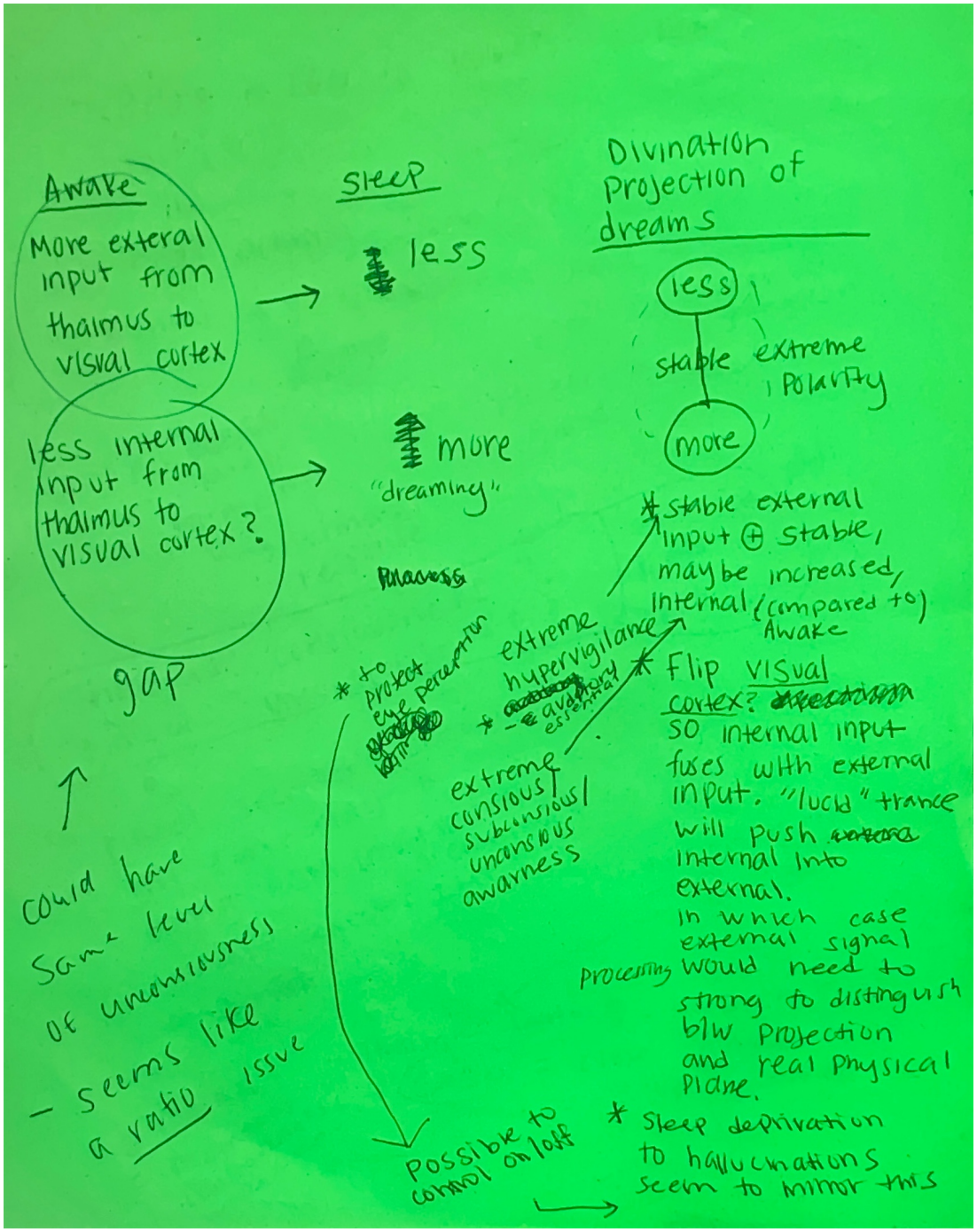
"Every twenty-eight and one-half days, when the moon is in the sign of the zodiac that the sun was in at the birth of the native, there is a seed or Psycho—Physical germ born in the or out of, the Solar Plexus (the Manger) and this seed is taken up by the nerves or branches of the Pneumo gastric nerve, and becomes the "Fruit of the Tree of Life," or the **"Tree of good and evil"—viz : good if saved and "cast upon the waters" (circulation) to reach the Pineal Gland; and evil if eaten or consumed in sexual expression on physical plane, or by alcoholic drinks, or gluttony that causes — ferment—acid and even alcohol in intestinal tract**—thus "No drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven" for acids and alcohol cut, or chemically split, the oil that unites with the mineral salts in the body and thus produces the monthly seed." Dr. George Carey's *The Anti-Christ*.

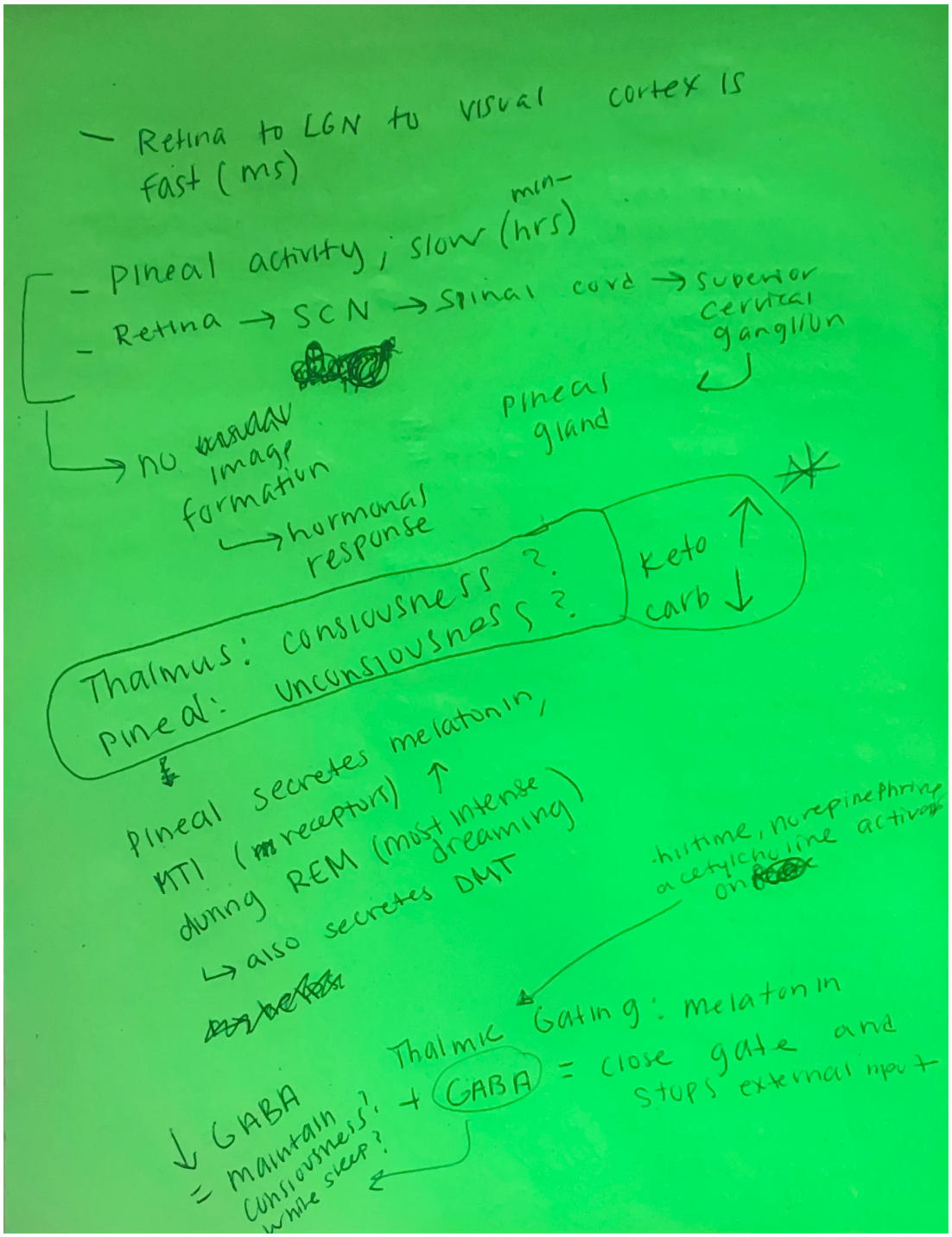
Keto-genesis (sea-monster of inception) is the catalyst to the brain byproduct Adrenochrome which is mediated by the extreme *need* for Adrenaline manifesting and resulting in its Metabolism— the Child of Sweat. ***(Dein, lidein dei!)***

"Speaking of carcasses, **If nothing else, in death, the kinetic energy that ceases to be, at least in its present potential, is trapped in this vacuum until its potential is repurposed, in birth, where it is borrowed by another.** How depressing! If we mirror the spirit world I suspect the spirit evolves in a similar way. How horrible to perceive our spirit as finite!" (The *Ante Cristo—li chamaeleon!)*

Imaginary Friends
Is reproduction not a means to bring forth a Spirit in Form and Force?
The spirit was always there, *ante*-Birth—*it* just wasn't invoked seen or understood.
There must be a reason children aren't afraid of their "*Imaginary Friends"*.
(fcientia!)


sleeping → brainstem ↓ acetylchdine (↑ thalmus open tonic mode)
↳neurons hyperpolarize and stop relaying external senses
Split brain syndrome → corpus callosum (nerve bundle connecting left and right brain) is split or hurt
Phenotype: visual planes are affected and motor impulse is affected
Thalmus: recieves and processes into from signal from retina then projects to visual cortex
* right eye takes left plane
* left eye takes right plane
Retina → LGN in the thalmus → visual cortex for consious Perception
(organization)
? ?
during sleep external input is turned off but stays on internally
↳stored trauma in body?.


Awake
More exteral input from thalmus to visual cortex
less internal input from thalmus to visual cortex?
gap
Could have same level of unconsciousness
- seems like a ratio issue
Sleep
less
more
"dreaming"
Divination projection of dreams
less
stable extreme polarity
more
* stable external input ⊕ stable, maybe increased, internal (compared to) Awake
* Flip visual cortex? so internal input fuses with external input. "lucid" trance will push internal into external. In which case external signal would need to strong to distinguish b/w projection and real physical plane.
extreme hypervigilance
extreme conscious subconscious unconscious awarness
* to protect eye perception
Possibe to control on/off
* Sleep deprivation to hallucinations seem to mimic this


- Retina to LGN to visual cortex is fast (ms)
- pineal activity; slow (min-hrs)
- Retina → SCN → spinal cord → superior cervical ganglion
→ no image formation
→ hormonal response
pineal gland
Thalmus: consciousness?
pineal: unconsciousness?
keto ↑
carb ↓
pineal secretes melatonin,
MTI (receptors) ↑
during REM (most intense dreaming)
↳ also secretes DMT
hi time, norepinephrine acetylcholine activity
Thalmic Gating: Melatonin + GABA = close gate and stops external input
↓ GABA = maintain consciousness? while sleep?

Screenplay; None in the Ark

The access point—intro

My name is Noah Seimpetu, I am of 34 years and I have now replenished the strength to write down the events that I endured while ill. Last summer, a series of events tightened my financial circumstances and my diet was greatly afflicted. Quantity took precedence over quality. Six months of this poor diet caused me a number of conditions from debilitating abdominal cramps to severe constipation. On the twelfth day of no bowel movement, I succumbed to shock and began hallucinating profoundly disturbing dreams. As I began losing consciousness, I drank whiskey I had laying next to me. I vomited all over myself and fell into a deep sleep. I woke up the following morning hyperventilating and dripping sweat. I am writing this from my sailboat with my animals on board.

The dream

I heard demons and angels and spirits chanting “run away from the acid rain!” The spirit world was afraid of how bad the physical world was falling apart. The flesh of Humans and animals were contaminated with maggots and parasites alike— no meat. The soil was barren— no plants. Impurities in the drinking water and rain were alike—with acid pouring from the sky. “run away from the acid rain, run!” and the spirit world caused so much chaos that it drove those listening to the ocean; where some drowned, some floated, and some sailed.

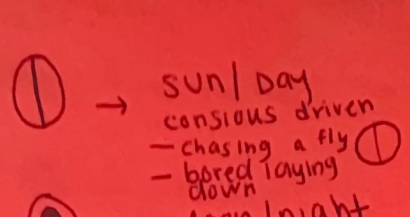
Recovery

Claims whiskey and wine helped detox sepsis. Becomes obsessed with sail boats and acquires one. Learns how to sail. Befriends a stray cat that follows him from land to the boat.

The ark

He learns that the cat can enter a deep meditative state in the water and remain with eyes open (marbled eyes). He can’t wake it up. He gets another animal and the same thing happens. Hes disturbed and can’t tell if they’re dead or alive. He learns to master his own madness. He sails with the animals on board and only survives because he can’t tell if he himself is dead or alive. He is too focused navigating the chaotic waters. And he watched the land get destroyed from the water, like everyone else that stayed in the ocean.

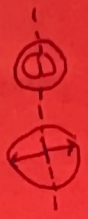
Feline eyes



→ sun / day
consious driven
– chasing a fly
– bored laying down

→ Moon / night
unconsious driven
– cuddling before deep sleep

– chasing a potentially fatal threat ("equal" cat)



Expands like 2 halves of the moon when shifting

So that it fill in parallel on both sides

Emotions

→ alert,

Seems to using external energy (sun) as the veins of the eyes (colored) vascularize and intensify.

I believe the unconsious to be dormant here. ~~They do not care~~
They just act to produce action – ~~there is no~~ like chasing a fly, (really) it is indifferent to it,
~~If~~ it might kill it just so but
it can chase it. Unlike where it seems like the unconsious mind utilizes the consious mind to its will.
Here, They chase a ~~[illegible]~~ threat of similar chances of survival, like another cat of the same size.

It can expand in phases, like of the moon, (intermediates) until it is full.

It becomes obvious,

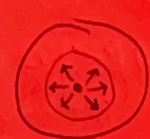
→ indifference, sun governed, christ-God

→ love | Hate, Moon governed, satan-God

↑ Rage, abscence of love. (or, potential of —)

unless ours follows this half moons patterns ~~and~~ but we cant percieve it

unlike our eyes that expand in an orb



though the "emotional" patterns match.
consious/unconsious, spirtual, etc

still true

our eyes ~~can~~ shift based on spirituality its true! You will see it in your own and that of others.

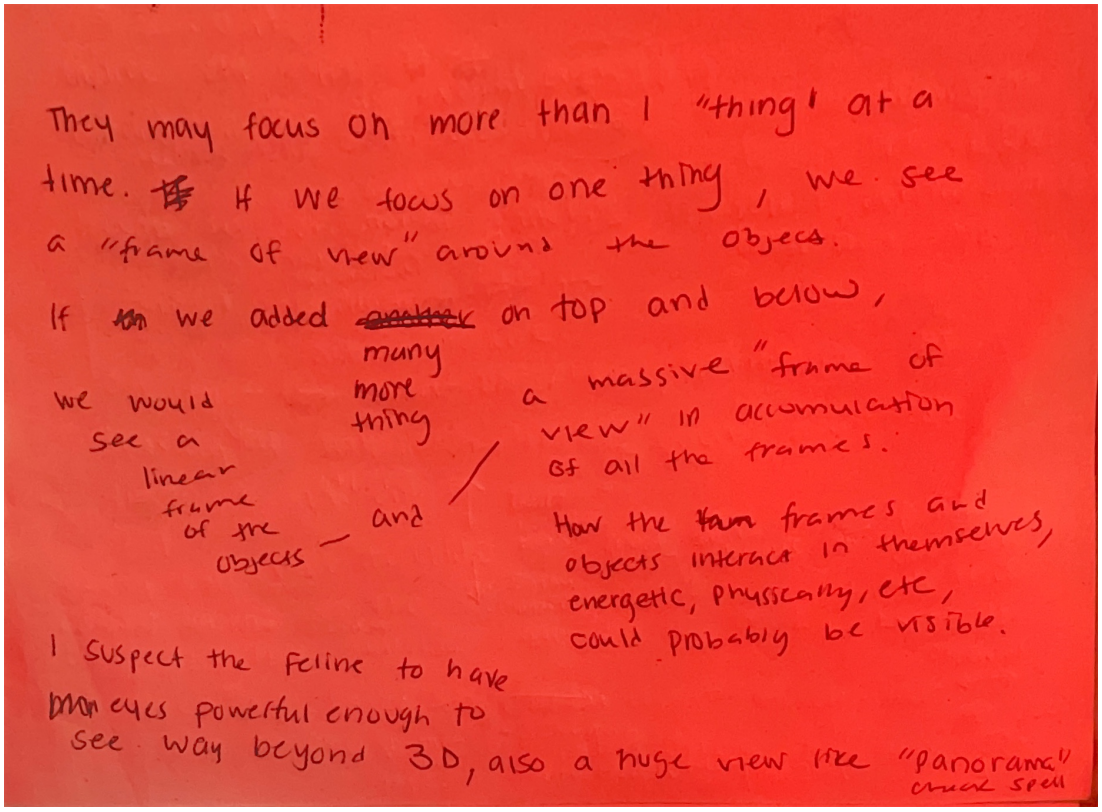
↑ God litterally lifts most ~~obvious~~ obvious * Feline cannot do this ↳ bc it expands ← → it doesn't ↑ ↓

↓ Satan litterally drops

Feline lazy eye manifest in the same way

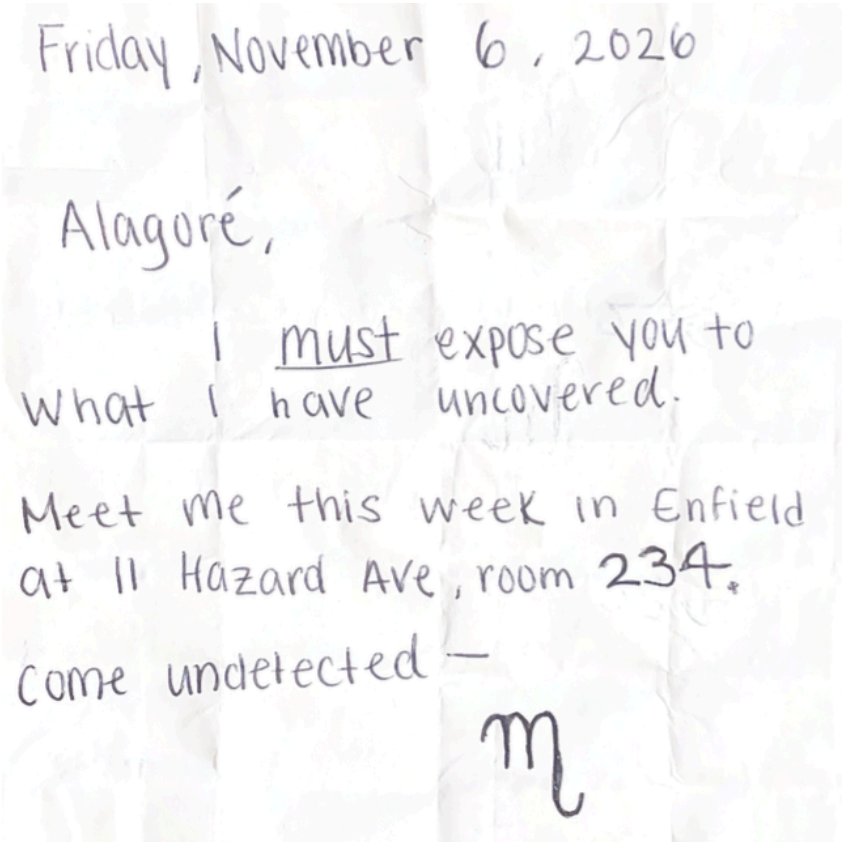
← shutting of logic

→ shutting of intuition (lazy eye)


They may focus on more than 1 "thing" at a time. If we focus on one thing, we see a "frame of view" around the objects.
If we added many more thing on top and below,
we would see a linear frame of the objects — and
a massive "frame of view" in accumulation of all the frames.
How the frames and objects interact in themselves, energetic, physically, etc, could probably be visible.
I suspect the feline to have eyes powerful enough to see way beyond 3D, also a huge view like "panorama" check spell

A FICTIONAL COMEDY
THE MADNESS OF THE CROSSROADS OF HAZARDVILLE

November 6th 2026
I found a letter slipped under my front door. This friend takes pleasure in the storm which is the cusp of creation and madness. Unfortunately, they were forced to reside in secrecy after a statement offended other alleged… Upon receiving the letter, I was glad to hear from them, since I hadn't for some years. However relieved, quickly, I was anxious and stressed, for the grand nature of their work always equated to grand trouble… Nonetheless, curiosity triumphs fear, and the following morning I sought out for Connecticut.


Friday, November 6, 2026

Alagoré,

I must expose you to what I have uncovered.

Meet me this week in Enfield at 11 Hazard Ave, room 234.

Come undetected —

♏

November 7th 2026
I drove from Boston to Connecticut. About 15 minutes from the meeting point, I stopped

at a convenience store for a pack of cigarettes and an energy drink. I drank my energy drink and a few minutes later I got incredibly nauseous and dizzy. Mind you, I drink them regularly for years and usually feel great, obviously given the habit. Something was off —I puked into an empty cup in my car and continued to drive according to the GPS since I was less than 5 minutes away. It is a miracle, of sort, that I was able to arrive at my destination at all. I felt so ill that I hazily remember checking into the hotel.

November 8th 2026
I learned that I had checked in for a month at Hotel 6 the following morning when I saw my checkout date on the room key card holder. I was amazed that I had found my room. Then I was terrified of the thought that the staff may have assisted me here given my state last night… I left my hotel room #111 and searched for #234, as my friend wrote in the letter. The rooms in this hotel open outside to a balcony, making the rooms relatively easy to find. I could not find a #234 and the hotel only seemed to go up to room #210.

I was confused. I went back to the balcony in front of my room to smoke a cigarette and drink an energy drink. I felt great and was reminded about the previous night when I felt sick from the same drink. I convinced myself I felt ill and “blacked out” for a bit because I was tired from driving. I tried not to panic but considered that it was possible that someone drugged my energy drink; being a regular drinker, I know when any type of drink feels “off”, I would have caught it in the first sip if my energy drink tasted different. Unless I didn’t? How would they have known I was going to stop at that convince store and pick up that specific drink? The can wasn’t tampered with so it would have been something super elaborate. I started freaking out—did following the letter expose me to some crazy stalker after my friend? Or were they after me? I could think of no one that would have been after me other than bitter lovers left to past. But, considering that I was unemployed living off of savings and credit cards, I figured that was unlikely. I wondered if a bitter lover wrote the letter and slipped it under my door, to lure me here, in some concocted elaborate plan. I considered checking out, but after feeling so ill and hardly remembering checking in, I was too embarrassed to meet the front desk staff.

I decided to search for a market near my hotel to stock up on food. When I got in my car and turned on the GPS I saw my current location was 6 Hazard Ave. I vividly remembered typing 11 Hazard Ave while in Boston, before making the drive. I figured that during the random “wave of sickness” I did not notice the GPS glitch, that, or I just stopped at the first hotel I saw, since there were many on the drive. Or, the worst possible scenario, someone hacked my phone and was fucking with my GPS. I was super confused but figured that at least it made sense that 6 Hazard Ave is the Hotel 6 address. I searched for 11 Hazard Ave and my GPS started glitching. A location that was 1 min by foot became 1 hr by car. It gave me a location in a different town, less than a mile away, with no link to a hotel, for 11 Hazard Ave. I wondered if there was potentially a Hotel 11 and if my friend was staying there, but I couldn’t find a hotel of that name. It seems like something important to mess up in the letter—I wondered what the hell was going on… I figured I’d walk until I could figure out the issue. I tried walking to 11 Hazard Ave and the GPS kept rerouting to the highway, even though it was on walk

mode. I gave up and walked back to my hotel.

I decided to order delivery since it seemed like finding a market on the GPS would be a task I wasn't in the mood for. The delivery app used my current location to show me restaurants or stores that can deliver to my location. Then, I was able to select from the restaurants or stores. Once I made my selection and placed the payment, I got an error that the restaurant or store could not deliver to my location, despite not being more than a few miles apart, it said I was in a different State. I called a few locations to confirm that they deliver to my address. I gave up and walked to a convenience store and bought a few items there.

November 11th 2026
It took me a while to be able to use my GPS system. I randomly pinned my car as my current location and somehow fixed it, or, it was just crazy coincidence. Regardless, I could finally drive to the store using a functional route and the delivery app started working, which is nice if I wasn't in the mood to drive. Having been at the hotel for almost a week and not running into my friend, I hoped nothing had happened to them. I realized I was so fixated on the GPS issue I forgot about my friend for a few days. I decided to try driving to 11 Hazard Ave. When I typed it into the GPS it gave me an address in the same town I was in, so something had to have changed from the first time. It took me 10 minutes from Hotel 6 to 11 Hazard Ave, which was seemingly a random field. I drove back to Hotel 6, locked my hotel door, drank wine and ate cheese and listened to music and tried to relax.

November 12th 2026
The following morning, I woke up feeling refreshed and anew. I decided to drive around town and was quickly disappointed. This town was so weird and creepy in every way. The buildings are short and all the business looks barren. The town in itself looks depressing in color and I suspect its due to the ridiculous amount of cement used commercially. The parking lots and roads have loads of cement used to make narrower traffic lanes within traffic lanes. Then, these multitude of lanes all have different traffic signs. The drivers of the town drive on dangerously low speed, I suspect because of the many lanes with many signs with different rules… It is terrible to drive and its hard to not get road rage. Feeling fed up, I drove back to Hotel 6 and decided I wanted to switch hotels. I asked the front desk if I could transfer the remaining days booked to a different town or State in New England. They gave me an address to another Hotel 6 that they said was less than 15 minutes away. I figured any change in scenery might help.

I grabbed my stuff and typed the address the front desk staff gave me into the GPS, 26 Hazard Ave, Hazardville. The GPS said I was 12 minutes away from the address. I started driving and when I was about 9 minutes away the GPS started glitching again. It rerouted me to the highway and the estimated time of arrival increased by an hour. After getting lost in loops for many hours, I finally arrived at the address of the new Hotel 6, exhaustedly. I checked in with the front desk and they handed me the key to my room,

#112. I walked to my room and when I reopened the key card holder, I noticed the check in date said 11/13/26. I figured it to be a mistake of the staff, since I remembered checking out of the other hotel that morning 11/12/26. I checked my phone calendar for reassurance anyways. I read the date 11/12/26 on my phone calendar.

Later in the afternoon, It started snowing heavily, which is not the most common but also not that uncommon for New England Novembers. To avoid having to clean my car, I figured I'd just grab a coffee at the reception. I walked to the lobby and as I was making my coffee I witnessed the strangest thing occur to another guest at the front desk.

This guest, an attractive middle aged blonde American woman, seemingly wealthy, walked into the lobby of the front desk reception with her adult daughter. Mind you, this was the cheapest hotel possible. It made no sense why she would pick that hotel unless it was necessity, obviously not relating to money… Something seemed off.

The woman was attempting to reserve a room and after she handed the front desk staff her ID, they told her she had already reserved a room and paid it in full. She said she didn't, and needed to do that now. The staff told her that her ID matches the one used to make the reservation and that the hotel didn't allow booking multiple rooms with the same ID.

She pleaded with them to just give her a room and she'd pay cash, while she waved wads of cash in the air. She was already sort of stressed at this point, instantly I assumed some bitter lover or spouse to be at foul play (it was Scorpio season, after all). The front desk staff had no solution and were unreasonable. The woman just left with her daughter. That event had to have been deliberately planned against her. I felt badly for her. It was dark out, snowing heavily, and the roads were terrible to drive in.

After witnessing that event, I went outside to smoke. This Hotel 6, unlike the previous that had doors that open facing outside, is completely barricaded. All the guests must enter and exit through the front door that has strictly enforced security. Unlike the other Hotel 6, guests at this Hotel 6 are only allowed to smoke outside. I was frequently smoking outside. It's hilarious how well people learn to tolerate the cold to be able to smoke. To say the least my smoking definitely affected my ability to rest here (if I ever do). I prefer the doors that open facing outside.

November 15th 2026

With no sign or direction about my friend, a few days later I asked the front desk staff if I could transfer my remaining booked days to a Hotel 6 in a different State in New England. Since it was still snowing a bit, I didn't want to drive too far.

The staff informed me they could transfer my booked days to another hotel in Massachusetts. I will not name the town or address, because of what happens later, but I packed my car and got ready to drive from Connecticut back to Massachusetts.

I typed the address into my GPS system and set off. After about 10 minutes of driving, my car started shaking chaotically and the wheel looked like it was about to fly off of the car. I could not stabilize it, its a miracle it did not crash. It shook for a few minutes, stopped, then started again. I figured maybe the roads were just horrible and the other drivers were more experienced driving in the area. I decided to detour from the GPS and enter the first exit I saw, in hopes of better roads and a less shaky car.

I stopped at the first convenience store on the exit to buy an energy drink. With my car acting crazy I wanted to be on high alert. I lit a cigarette and drank my energy drink and continued on my drive using the GPS.

About 10-15 minutes later, I felt slightly dizzy and nauseous, similar to the first instance where I suspected someone potentially drugging my drink. With such a long drive ahead, I figured I should push through it, and that it would likely not be as intense as the first time. I rolled down the window of my car and the cold air helped me breathe. As I was focusing on easing my nausea, I noticed my GPS started glitching, the same way it did before when it took me through the never ending loops of hell. I continued to follow the GPS when suddenly I got the craziest feeling of Deja Vu and then realized it was a recent memory. I was driving in the same location that I felt dizzy and ill previously, when I suspected the drink, which was also the same location that made me dizzy and exhausted from the never ending GPS loops, which was exactly what was happening to me, at that present moment, all together.

I continued to follow the GPS, anticipating the terrible loops of hell, but the remainder of the ride was actually pleasant, I felt decent, and my car had stopped shaking completely.

I arrived to my hotel and checked in with the front desk staff. This hotel was named something completely different. Luckily, they had a smoke friendly room. They handed me my room key card to room #226. I grabbed my stuff out of my car and headed to my room. It was a nice and spacious room. I was in a great mood, especially given the peaceful drive there. I used a delivery app to order a pizza, and it was delivered to me quickly and easily. I also had a bottle of wine I had bought earlier. My night was looking like success. I relaxed, listened to music, and worked on my own stuff… Until I started thinking about my friend again, and how nothing in the letter made any sense, other than my name…

November 16th 2026
After I had my share of wine and food, it was late and I was beginning to fall into sleep. I was quickly woken up by the neighbors dogs, that would not stop barking. It was almost

3am, I was so annoyed. I did not sleep that night and woke up feeling moody. The neighbors dog barked well into the day. I was actually concerned for it. I spent that entire day in my hotel room lounging. Even though I was exhausted I couldn't sleep.

That same night many dogs were barking all night long. It was very disturbing. It sounded like they were howling in distress. I suspected that their owners were leaving the dogs alone through the night. It was strange that it should happen to many dogs spread across the hotel. It seemed like they were barking, or howling, in synchrony to each other's sound. It was extremely disturbing to hear an animal potentially in distress, even more so not knowing why.

November 19th 2026
For many days, the dogs continued to bark through the night. I was so exhausted that I was starting to feel sleep deprived. When someone who is already relatively sleep resistant becomes sleep deprived it feels equivalent to what I can assume living inside a casino is like. You never know what time it is, if it's 2 PM or 2 AM, it doesn't make a difference circumstantially in that moment, so it doesn't matter. I woke up on a random day and my phone said it was around 11:00, I had disabled the AM/PM feature. I had no idea if it was AM or PM in that moment. I needed to go to my car to grab water. When I opened my hotel door it was dark out, so I knew it was PM. The air was cold and crisp I felt amazing. When I touch my car door handle to open my car, a dog jumps out from under my car and starts barking psychotically at me. It started trying to intimidate me, it walked forward and barked while it expected me to walk backwards. This woman, allegedly the owner, apologized and picked up the dog. I saw her and the dog walk into a hotel room that was relatively close to my car.

November 20th 2026
The next morning, I needed to go to a grocery store. The hotel parking lot was filled with people and police, I had no idea why. As I got closer, I saw the same dog that was hiding under my car playing around the parking lot. The dog was now wearing a sweater, and played with the people in the parking lot like a show dog. As I opened my car door, an officer told me they were looking for the dogs owner. I said ok and drove off. The woman I had seen with the dog the previous night was not in the parking lot. I wondered if she was watching everyone play with her dog from her hotel room… When I returned to the hotel the parking lot was normal again. I figured the dog had returned back to its owner.

That same night the horrible barking and howling sounds started again. I couldn't sleep at all. It also started getting colder out but the hotel heater was just unbearable. The heater was installed directly facing the bed from the side, so no matter the angle, it directly hits your face and nose. I couldn't breathe while it was on. No thanks sleep apnea! I'll pass! The bed felt like wet paper with no heat in the room. I left the bathroom shower on max heat for a while and was able to get decent steam. It made a massive difference. As I lay in bed appreciating the damp heat in the air, I feel something start dripping from the ceiling and fall directly on me.

When I turned on the lights, there was yellow liquid dripping from the ceiling. It must have been triggered by the steam. It dripped all over my clothes and bed. I realized that it reeked of animal pee. When I smelled it further on my clothes I was right. Given the amount of barking and howling, I suspected that this hotel was animal friendly for some time and their pee accumulated in the rooms. It was all over the ceiling. There was no way I could stay in the room unless I cleaned it, and it was too late at night to change rooms. I wiped it with a towel, took a shower, and waited for the morning to do laundry.

November 21st 2026
The next morning, I felt alright. I was able to get a few hours of sleep, despite the ceiling issue. I walked to the bathroom and as I opened the toilet, I saw it was filled with poop. The poop looked like rabbit shit but tons. And no it wasn't mine from the night before. I figured the hotel might be having a plumbing issue; but really, the poop looked like it had been discarded from up top the toilet, not pushed back into the bowl from an issue. It was very strange. Actually, it was so strange that I kind of brushed it off.

I figured I'd drive around and find something to do. As I started driving around the hotel I noticed more dogs with their owners. There must have been a local dog show or something happening… Then, I noticed one of the dogs didn't have a tail. Then, I noticed all the dogs that were outside the hotel had no tails. It was so *profoundly* disturbing. Maybe they had all suffered a similar accident… I started wondering about the owners and why they all had tailless dogs. Many of the owners, coincidentally or not, seemed to have varying degrees of laziness in the right eye. Some much more noticeable than the others.

I had had enough of that hotel and asked the front desk staff where they could potentially transfer me. The staff suggested a Hotel 6 in New Hampshire. They wrote the address for me; 13 Lidein Ave, off exit 17 in NH. They informed me that the location was difficult to find, but to follow the exit.

I drove for an hour or so, and as if I was waiting for it, I felt a wave of dizziness creep within me. I was able to suppress it when I realized I was in that loop of hell again. As expected, the GPS was already starting to glitch—I was glad I had learned the roads to some extent. I decided to pin the "loop of hell" location on my GPS so that I'd be able to find it in the future. This time, the loop did delay my driving, but to a lesser extent.

I found the hotel which is surrounded deeply by woods and forests. I suspect this is why it is difficult to find. I checked in at the front desk reception and was given my room key card holder, #132. I was pleasantly surprised by the empty parking lot. The area seemed spacious and cold. I knew I'd get good rest.

November 24th 2026
I spent days catching up on sleep and thinking about the last few weeks. I hadn't felt so relaxed in a long time.

November 25th 2026

The most strange thing occurred to me. I specifically remember drinking half a bottle of wine last night and leaving the remaining half for today. I also remember how many cigarettes I had left in my pack. That morning I saw that the bottle of wine was empty and that I only had 1 cigarette left. The first thing that comes to mind is, well, did someone else drink it? It would have been impossible for someone to enter the room from the door because I place a keyset on the lock, and it would have fallen if the door opened.
…
…
….

November 26th 2026
I woke up this morning and there was an extra pillow on my bed. I specifically remember falling asleep last night with one pillow. Somehow, this morning, there are two pillows on my bed.

November 28th 2026
Last night at around 3am I woke up to use the bathroom. When I opened my eyes, I saw the flame of the candle by my night stand. I know with absolute certainty that I did not light the candle. The candle did not look like it had been lit for very long—at most a half an hour.

I guessed that a Spirit was trying to converse with me and I wanted to know why. Because of how relaxing my first few days were, I suspected this hotel may have some paranormal activity. This pattern occurs frequently (lure and trap).

The following night at 3am I performed a Ritual to conjure and to connect the Spirit. Obviously I was in a hotel so it was a very small scale Ritual. There is a distinction between to connect and to conjure. When a Spirit wants to connect they mainly cause energetic changes, not physical, and it is to transfer an emotion. When a Spirits wants to be conjured they cause direct physical changes, they want to be physically present to speak and reveal information. It is safer to do both.

To conjure; I made a circle on the ground using Salt. Inside the circle I made a hexagram again using Salt. On each corner of the hexagram I placed a circular mirror, and on top of each mirror, I placed a candle which I lit once everything was positioned correctly.
To connect; I gave what I consumed. I placed wine and cigarettes in the center. I lit incense. I drank and smoked and ONLY thought about the Ritual and the Spirit.

I waited for the flames to go out. By the time this happened, unsurprisingly, I was exhausted and fighting the urge to fall asleep from the wine. It was already morning out. I stayed in this state all day long, and at night, at 9pm I repeated the Ritual.

At some point within that night, I grew irritably impatient. Feeling almost insulted, I blew out the flames. I had a good enough buzz that I just wanted to relax at that point. It was super dark and cozy in my room without the flames. It was still dimly lit from the incense. I used the bathroom before going to bed. As I was washing my hands, I looked into the mirror, and then I saw him behind me.

He looked exactly like a Man but moved exactly like a Spirit. He knew my name. He said “you are in hell and this is your home.” I watched him leave my room and never saw him again.

December 5th 2026
This event consumed my mind for a few days. I had lost a significant amount of weight already and was ready to go home. I didn’t even feel the days go by. I realized it was December 5th and I needed to checkout of the hotel in a few hours. Already feeling overwhelmed, I decided to prepare better for the “loop of hell” intersection and created a map just in case.

I checked out of the hotel and headed home. When I entered the “loop of hell” I decided to use my map instead of the GPS. I figured it’d be smoother without any glitches. When I reached the center point of the crossroads, I saw a large orange envelope with a balloon attached to it on the side of the road. Normally, I would just drive off and mistake it for road trash. However given the recent events, I decided to pull over and grab the envelope.

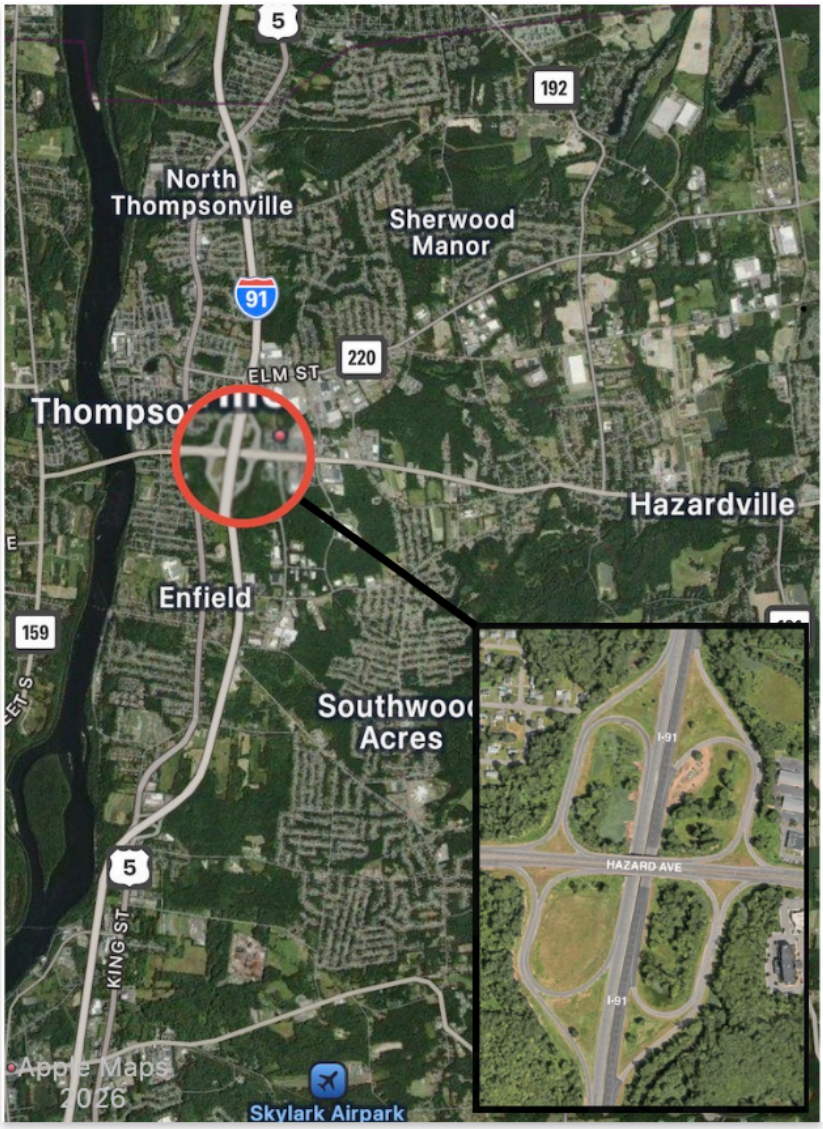
When I opened the envelope, I was shocked and confused. It was a baby picture of my friend that slipped the note under my front door. I had seen these photos before but only a close friend or relative would have had access to them. The photos suggest that a Ritual may have been performed using the photos. I could not discern if she was being threatened or if she had placed this here her self. Nonetheless, how was this relevant to me?

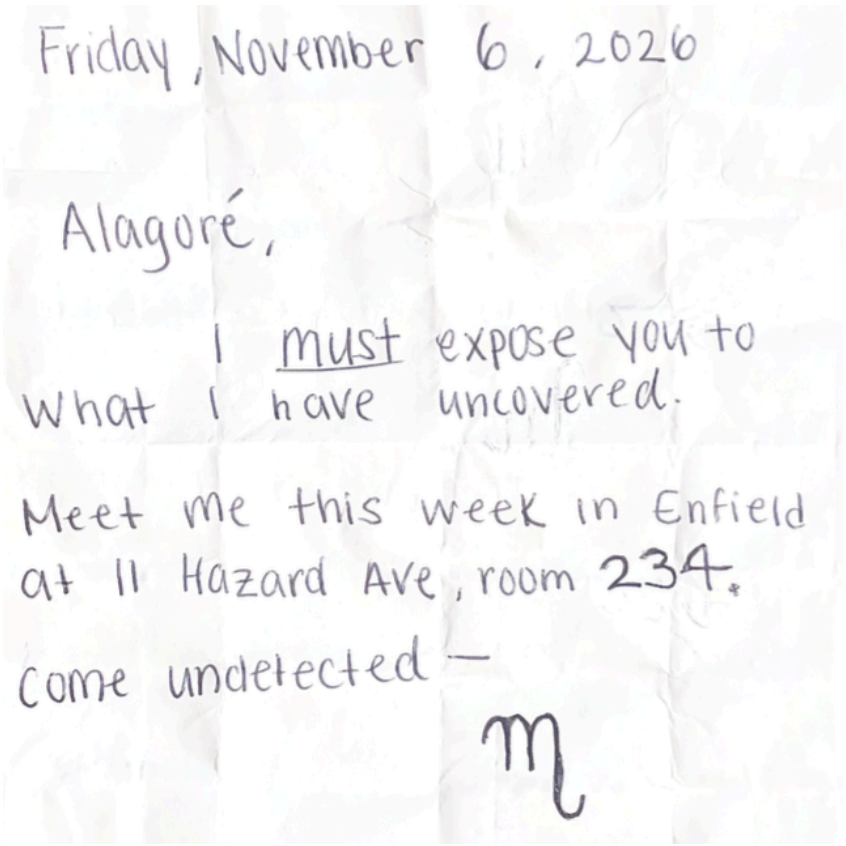
I kept the envelope and the photos and drove back onto the highway. Not even 1 minute later, an intense light gripped my eyes, my car had crashed, and I had died.

November 7th 2026.
I realized I had not died when I woke up the following morning. It was Saturday, November 7th 2026. Next to my bed I found the letter, the photo, and the map. I remember everything I dreamed. The strangest part was that I did not remember seeing the photo and the map initially, only the letter. I remembered creating the map and finding the photos at the end of the dream. I was confused how I had them now.

I packed my car and made my way from Boston to Connecticut.

New England, United States




Friday, November 6, 2026

Alagoré,

I must expose you to what I have uncovered.

Meet me this week in Enfield at 11 Hazard Ave, room 234.

Come undetected —

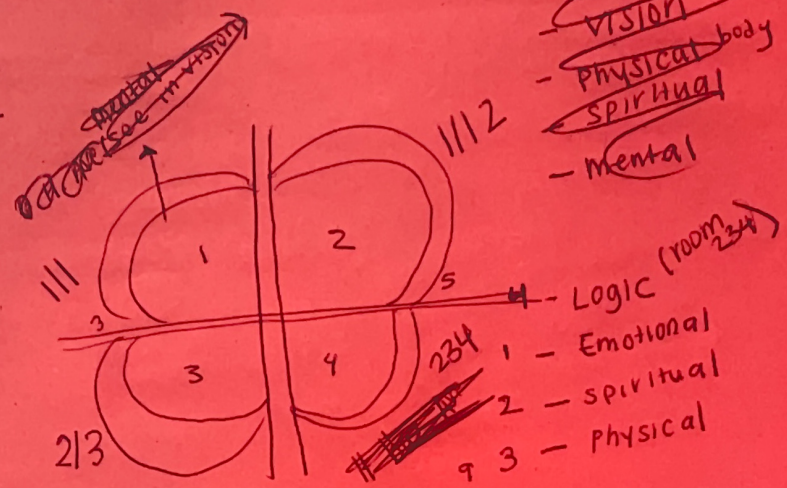
♏

THE MADNESS OF THE CROSSROADS OF HAZARDVILLE

- letter ~~delivered~~ ~~Placed~~ Pushed under front door

- 2026

- Alagoré



Drove around and got lost in a "loop."
got dizzy, random Hotel (4 total),
doesnt remember how he got there,
"blackout" but remembers checking in,
going to the room, sleeping immediately
checked key, saw booked it for a
month.
↳ gets familiar w/ area still
impossible to navigate. many "loops"

THE MAGNA CHAYA

Boſton
New England
U*ſ*A